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The water lifted :lakes
are holy, this shore
was suited for a ruin :temples

dismantled from above
each carved pillar aches :each lantern
still pursues that heavy arch

--all is following

all pilgrims slow their tour through here
our lake
filled with coins :identical pails
bandaged with plywood :my house

is moving. Each street lamp
needs repair. The stoop
ashes. Come, let us

climb this hill, rise
with wood :leaves
lifted --our bed

is following :dry, dark, bare.

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I separate in lobbies, each hall
watering its rooms with keys and ferns
the stream
cold except where sharks have eaten --birds
piers! ships aflame at harbor :each staircase

sorts my legs, my baggage too
detaches, my arms
escape as chairs, knobs, a wall, the narrow rug
coiling, a muddied stalk
exhausted at my opened door --I bloom

in pieces :the bed
my heart unfolding.

-- Simon Perchik

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